THE

ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW, &c.

[Price Eighteen-Pence.]

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[Price Fifteen Pence.]

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ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW,

OR A LATE

TRIP to the NORE.

BEING

A POETICAL EPISTLE

From HODGE in TOWN to DICK in the COUNTRY.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

By a Deſcendant of the great SCRIBLERUS.

William Cooke.

LONDON,

Printed for G. KEARSLY, (No. 46,) Fleet-Street.

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I.

How ſhall I tell where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen?
O Dick! beyond a doubt,
Such *ſights* again cannot be found,
Such *tricks* ne'er play'd on *Engliſh* ground,
But by the *ſelf-ſame Rout*.

II.

At a Great Houſe, hard by the way
Where we do ſometimes ſell our hay;
My memory here but lame is;
Pſhaw! where folks *ſay* what they don't *mean*;
Plague! 'rat it now, what is its name?
Oh! aye—'tis call'd *St. James's*.

III.

Out of this place, a motley crew,
Some dreſs'd in ſcarlet, ſome in blue,
In two's and two's came leaning;
They look'd ſo much inclin'd to pleaſe,
They laugh'd and talk'd with ſo much eaſe,
I thought it *Peace proclaiming*.

IV.

Among the reſt, *One*, plaguy fine,
(His head much bigger was than thine)
Paſs'd by me—'twas the King!—
O Dick! I trembled o'er and o'er;
Nay, do not blame me, who before
Ne'er look'd on ſuch a Thing.*

* "*Ne'er look'd on ſuch a Thing.*"] As we are *daily* told by the authority of *two morning Prints*, that many of his Majeſty's ſubjects (particularly thoſe who are commonly ſaid to be in Oppoſition) are tainted with *Republican* principles; and leſt the above line might be thought in any wiſe, to favour ſo *pernicious* a doctrine, the *King's Friends* are reſpectfully informed, that HOGGE here only means to expreſs his admiration at the *firſt full blaze of Majeſty*.

V.

The Prince came next, a goodly Youth,
Who, if his face ſpeaks any truth,
Has ſtore of great good-nature.
The Maids look'd at him s'if they'd burn;
He look'd upon the Maids in turn,
And ſmil'd in ev'ry feature.

VI.

Two Colonels follow'd, ſide by ſide;
One helps the King, they ſay, to ride,
The other tends his table;
But who, or whatſome'er they be,
Two ſuch thoſe eyes did never ſee
'Bout pantry-houſe, or ſtable.

VII.

Next GOLDSTICK came, all daub'd in lace,
And, if I don't miſtake, his face
Was daub'd with ſomewhat too;
He look'd ſo cherry red and white,
He ſcarce could honeſtly come by't,
And live as Courtiers do.

VIII.

Pages and Beef-Eaters array'd
In patchwork, clos'd this cavalcade;
A ſet of motley elves!
One *hold the tails up*, DICK, at Court;
T'other, nor think I am in ſport,
Wear petticoats themſelves.

IX.

Now all take coach, and, leaving town,
They whirl away, up hill and down,
So quick they ſcarce are ſeen;
'Till, lo! behold the troop arrive
Merry as grigs, and all alive,
At *Greenwich*, on the Green.

X.

Here the Lord Admiral, in his gear,
With Governor 'Squire PALLISEER,
Stood forth in bright array;
The guns ſo roar'd, the drums did rattle,
I ſhould have thought it was a battle,
But that *they look'd ſo gay*.

XI.

The Monarch nodded to Sir Hugh,
Much as to ſay, "Pray, how do you do?"
Sir Hugh did lowly bend;
And was it not a gracious one,
To fingle out the only mon
Who *ſcarcely has a friend?**

Ah!

* *Who ſcarcely has a friend.*] This muſt not be underſtood too ſtrictly, as the Moraliſts tell us there are two ſpecies of Friendſhip: the one, *which has virtue for its baſis*; the other commonly called, "the Friendſhips of the World;" which laſt, according to Addison, are often *confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure.*

XII.

Ah! RICHARD, how could ſome volks ſay
The '*Squire would ſignals not obey!*
When I'll be ſworn on book
This day he knew ſo well his trade,
Never a *Royal Signal* made,
But *inſtantly he took.*

XIII.

The Company behold, now plac'd
In nice trim boats gilt to the waiſt,
To ſee the Royal Fleet,
Which lately maul'd the *Dutchmen* ſo,
That weary'd out, blow after blow,
We forc'd were to retreat.

Ah!

XIV.

Ah! *Zoutman*, could you ſee the ſame,
Or *Hartſinke*,* with your *ominous* name,
'Mongſt hulls and ſails ſuch ſmaſhing,
'Twould ſhew you what you *gueſs'd* before,
What *great fatigues* our Admiral bore,
To give you ſuch a threſhing.

XV.

Daſh through the waves the boats' crew fly,
Now up and down, now low, now high,
What though the welkin roar'd,
On their ſtout hearts alone relying,
The fifes play'd on, the flags kept flying,
Until they got on board.

* *Zoutman* and *Hartſinke*, two Dutch admirals; the former lately fought Admiral *Parker*'s fleet.

XVI.

And now ſtrange things ran in my head:
As I had often heard it ſaid,
Stateſmen bad pilots be,
And ſometimes run the veſſel they'd guide,
'Gainſt good advice, and wind, and tide,
To founder in the ſea.

XVII.

Or ſhould the Dutch, as *heretofore*,*
Thought I, puſh in 'twixt ſhore and ſhore,
And take our Fleet away:
In either caſe what ſhould we do?
To loſe our King and Stateſmen too,
Alack! alack a day!

Whilſt

* *Or ſhould the Dutch, as heretofore*] In 1667, the Dutch fleet appeared in

XVIII.

Whilſt thus ſurrounded by my fears,
His Majeſty again appears,
And makes towards the ſtrand:
The Courtiers too, a faithful pack,
Run with the ſtream, turn with the tack,
And now they're ſafe on land.

It

in the Thames, under the command of De Ruyter, and threw the Engliſh into the utmoſt conſternation. Sheerneſs was ſoon taken; and, having the advantage of a ſpring tide, they preſſed on, and broke the chain that had been drawn acroſs the river Medway, burned ſix ſhips; and it was apprehended that they might, next tide, ſail up the Thames, and extend their hoſtilities even to the bridge of London. It is likewiſe remarkable, that ſome of the bloodieſt and hardeſt-fought battles the Engliſh ever had at ſea were with the Dutch; though now (being engaged in a *quadruple* war) the *policy* of the times requires we ſhould deſpiſe them.

XIX.

It boots not here to ſwell my tale,
How next to *Chatham* they did ſail,
What piping, and what drumming!
How *work'd* the Prince was *up and down*;*
What *Meſſengers were ſent to town,*
To *tell the King was coming*.†

Leſs

* *How work'd the Prince was up and down.*] The meſſenger ſent by the King, and who arrived yeſterday evening, gave an account that the Prince of Wales *had been very ſea-ſick*; but that the King had not been for a moment affected with any *motion*———of the ſhip.

† *To tell the King was coming.*] His Majeſty is not expected here before Wedneſday next; *but a meſſenger comes every day to the Queen,* with a paquet from the King and Prince of Wales.

Vide Public Prints of Tueſday, Aug. 21.

XX.

Leſs boots it that the Muſe ſhould morrice,*
In mournful pace, to *Windſor* terrace,
To tell what there was done;
How that the Royal Offspring walk'd,
And ſadly look'd, and ſadly talk'd,
Their Royal Father gone.†

* "Morrice," a cant word ſignifying "to move;" though it boaſts an higher authority from Milton in his Maſque of Comus:

"The ſounds and ſeas with all their finny drove
"Now to the moon in waving *morrice* move."

† *And ſadly look'd, and ſadly talk'd,*
Their Royal Father gone. } In the afternoon, her Majeſty (in the abſence of her Royal Conſort) appeared on the Terrace with her Royal Children, and *talked* and *walked* there till it was dark; and, as uſual, behaved with the greateſt condeſcenſion and affability, returning the ſalutes of the company. When it began to grow dark, the Queen curtſy'd to the company, and retired.

Vide Public Prints of Tueſday, Aug. 21.

XXI.

All this, Friend Dick, thou may'ſt ſuppoſe,
As 'twould be tireſome, ev'n in proſe,
To give the whole relation.
Suppoſe the Party then return'd
All ſafe and ſound, except *ſun-burn'd*,
Each in his proper ſtation.

XXII.

And now, my tale in ſome ſort ended,
Gueſs, Dick, to what this *ſhow-game* tended?
Why, in all likelihood
Thou'lt ſay, "To eaſe the Poor Man's rate,
"To low'r the price of Butcher's meat,
"Or ſome ſuch public good."

Or

XXIII.

Or, gueſſing on, you'll ſay "'Twas for
"To put an end to this here war;"
(Why ſo thought I and KATE).
No;—'twas to dub a valiant Knight,‡
And thus, as how, ſet matters right
About ſome Lord's miſtake.‡

But

‡ "*About ſome Lord's miſtake.*"] Vide the Gazette account of Admiral PARKER's late action on the *Dogger-Bank*, dated Admiralty-office, Auguſt 9, 1781; wherein he ſays, "The Enemy's force was, I believe, "*much ſuperior to what their Lordſhips apprehended.*" For a *fuller* explanation of this paſſage, we muſt refer our Readers to *the Journals of the Houſe of Commons of next Seſſion.*

XXIV.

But mark how *great designs* are blighted!
The Tar, he ſaid, "would *not be knighted*,
"He'd keep his *Chriſtian** name:
"He did his duty and no more,
"And wiſh'd that *one great Lord on ſhore*†
"*Had done by him the ſame.*"

The

* "*He'd keep his* Chriſtian *name.*"] As it was ſaid to be at the inſtance of a certain Lord the Admiral *was* to be knighted, and ſome doubts ariſing about the *orthodoxy* of that Noble Lord's *chriſtian principles*,—it is generally imagined the Admiral refuſed the Honour of Knighthood, merely becauſe he would not receive this ſpecies of *ſecond baptiſm* through ſuch a medium.

† "That *one great Lord on ſhore.*"——*No name.*

XXV.

The matter's long, and ſomewhat dark;
Beſide, I'm but a ſcurvy Clerk,
And one of the Beholders:
But what I learn'd from one and all,
The King's *Great Sword of State ſhould fall*
On *other People's ſhoulders.**

XXVI.

But mum, dear DICK; for, ſhould this ſcrawl
Into ſome Lawyer's hands but fall,
In Juſtice they're ſuch ſtinters,

* "*On other People's ſhoulders.*" As this *may cut both ways*, Commentators as well as other people, ſhould be warned by the old proverb, "*not "to meddle with edge tools.*"

Inſtead of going back to *Shields*,

I may be ſent to *George's Fields*,

To chriſtmaſs with the Printers.†

† "*To chriſtmaſs with the Printers.*" Vide *Modern Reports*, Trinity Term, 1781. *Ruſſia Binding.*

THE END.

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